

Letter from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, February 25, 1878

Tutelo Heights, Brantford, Ont., Can., February 25th, 78. (No envelope) My dear Alec and Mabel,

I was unable to write last week, for our female servant left so unexpectedly, or rather we sent her off at the last, preferring to be without for a few days, rather than be troubled with her. Yesterday Carrie and her husband paid us a visit, so that I fear this will miss the first mail. During the week Mrs. Hubbard kindly sent us Mabel's letter (referring to your interview with the Queen) and two others, therefore we are pretty well up to your doings, till you departed a second time for Paris, from whence we hope you have before this returned. I hope you will not have to visit any other Continental country. My dear boy, we so heartily congratulate you on your success, and the honours you have so worthily reaped. Nevertheless I cannot help feeling rather awestruck, and scarcely able to realize that all the civilized world is ringing with the name of our wee laddie. Even the Queen herself (the papers say) could not resist his handsome face and gentlemanly bearing! Now don't grow vain. There is one thing I beg you will never do again, that is, to find fault with your Mother's unlady-like hands, seeing that she has a Royal precedent in clumsy fingers! I envy you your visit to Miss Burdett Coutts. I should so much like to see that large hearted, simple minded woman.

I hope all these grand folks will not lead you to forget the little ones in a quiet corner of Canada. Thank you for the lot of Illustrated papers, that arrived during the past week. Also a lot of books, which however I have not yet read, though Papa I believe is doing so. Lewis I believe is now upon the water, and you both may probably arrive before this letter. I hope the little bed and pillow will not be damp after its voyage, but it had better be placed near the fire. Tell dear Mabel I plucked and dressed the down myself, from our

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own Tutelo geese, so you will have a little bit of home about you and— well, how do you feel in the prospect of paternity? I hope dear Mabel will have a son, to replace the little one your brother lost. How much I wish we could see you both, but it is nonsense to think of it. I hope you are careful of expense, and will be able to put money by, for a day when you may be less able to exert yourself than now. All are well at the Town house, though at present only two are in it, Aileen being at Montreal. It was a dreadful trial to part with poor Lewis. Your Aunt was dreadfully cut up, and your Uncle I believe not less so, though he displayed it less. We all hope he may be located in a ship stationed either on the American or Pacific Coast. The idea of his being sent to the East would be heartbreaking to his family. Do you remember our looking over together, that work on prophecy by Dr. Thomas, and do you mark 3 how literally public events seem to be converging towards the last war, and the last days of the present dispensation. If England is drawn in, so will the European powers be, and then everything is in position for the battle of Armageddon. One part of the prophecy relating to the latter days, consists in the words: "At even time it shall be light, and knowledge shall be increased". Amongst many other discoveries during the present century, I may mention the knowledge of the power of steam, of telegraphy, of telephony, of photography, but now it is pretty generally believed that the British nation is really lost Israel. Certainly there is no nation on the face of the earth, to which the promises made to Israel (not the Jews) have been and are fulfilled, besides: "At even time it is light". It has been even asserted that Queen Victoria's descent can be traced to the line of David. There are many other corroborative considerations which lead one to think deeply of this matter. God bless you my dear Alec, and grant you many, many happy returns of your birthday, attended by all the good you can desire. In these wishes I am joined by your cousins, and in including dear Mabel with them. I hope she is keeping in good spirits, and not dismayed at the little trial before her. She will be all right when her Mamma is with her. I wish she was not so far off, or I would gladly go to her. It is getting very late and I am so sleepy I must say goodnight. With love to both,

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Your affectionate Mother, E. G. Bell.